

Thirty three Canto which has already thrilled & inspired the people to give a
-heart-rending picture of the downtrodden and downcast, ^{the} mean and quarrel
millions of the nation. The agonised cry of our Mother

Come out, come out
Brushing your bodies,
brushing the pillars,
Keep not within the door
Within the mind do not hide
Say, say to you Mother!
We have come, we have come
Oye, I have begot
My thirty three cross

In 'Tutina Chila' or 'the Morsel-Bag' the poet has poignantly exposed the economic injustice under which the poor masses are groaning. There is commotion in the temple of 'Anna Brahma', misery and suffering. Music, art, science and philosophy flourish on one side, ^{but they are taken in vain} but on the other, millions ^{are} starved, its conscience by referring to one 'sin & merit'. But the poet reminds that millions are orphaned ^{in this world where} where ^{rich & fertile earth} where ^{treasures} are full to bursting, treasures are full to their capacity. But the fortunate ^{are} ^{drunk with amrita} no pity, the gods do not see, that is the consequence of the pride of the drunk — But only he who is hungry can understand its agony.

23 Food Superior
24 Life?
Simply and Emphatically
Blank and ~~Blank~~ ^{Empty} hollow
the Morsel Bag
of the Poor and the Low

But out of that bag, ^{from its innermost recesses}, a new voice is taking shape, the voice of revolution.
It is threatening, it is roaring that it would devour the whole earth,
Submerging in its fury everything that is held sacred, every blessed and
cursed institution of the fortunate, of the rich, ^{and} of the cultured, the urgency
of remedying these social iniquities are convincingly brought out in
^{a no. of poems.}
~~such poems as Narakali~~ I am ~~struck by~~ the folk songs. The latter publish
the gruesome legend of Lord Ravana & fabrically describe in a poem called "Narakali"
read the story of the Buddha and "Shantipurana". ~~In "Narakali"~~ there
are even inclinations to advocate / propagate kindness to animals.

The soil and his ~~poet~~ poems have that rare charm of the green plants and new-born flowers. With him the influence of English literature has been a tonic, enriching but never ~~mixing~~ ^{discoloring} his native blood. His is the voice of the soil, pure, simple, dignified and spontaneous. His spontaneity is that of a spring coming directly out of unseen beds of water ~~underneath~~ ^{not} never an artificial fountain lighted up by artificial lights. ~~He takes~~ ^{Though he is} a very great scholar and a very great philosopher. He is deeply schooled in the old literatures, of Kannada and Sanskrit - he is a great scholar as well - he has created his own vehicle of expression. He has chosen folk tunes and folk metres and through them and taking the same medium as the village bard he has infused into it his own great imagination and vision. ~~He~~ ^{In this way} he always keeps himself close to the people. ~~Literary world was taken aback when he used these folk tunes for his poetry.~~ ^{vocabulary} Many were there who sneered at this innovation and shrugged their shoulders with indifference. But the really discerning found even then that this ~~man~~ ^{man} was a very great poet, though not perhaps as great as he really is. I have seen a whole congregation listening spell-bound when he recited his poems in his deep powerful voice. It seemed as though he held a magic wand in his hand and before that ~~even the most ardent~~ ^{even the most ardent} advocate of ~~traditional~~ ^{with submission} ~~had to submit.~~ Mr. K. Venkatesa Tyengar, a great short-story writer, critic and poet has remarked that Bendre ^{is one such occasion} ~~looked like~~ ^{like} a 'qarudiga'. True it is the magic of his verse, is something rare, too rare indeed. You listen to it, and you are enchanted. You may not be able to understand its full import, even after reading it a number of times. You may not be able to ~~reach~~ ^{stand} get to its core. Yet every time you read it you are enthralled. This I think is one of the essential attributes of great poetry. ~~Whatever Bendre wrote, either in prose or poetry has this magic about it.~~

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Bendre, the poet of the people

It is always a pleasure to think of this great poet, the
greatest modern Kannada poet, Bendre. He is great not only as a poet, but also
a man, as a thinker and as a speaker as a conversationalist. Undoubtedly
he is the most brilliant man now alive in Karnataka, and no one can stand
irresistible charm of his personality. He spreads light and sweetness where
he goes. A great talker, he has that (subliminal) genius to keep
every one at his ease in any company however large or heterogeneous
it may be. Many young rising poets get their inspiration from him
and every one with merit receives his generous encouragement. Just
the fabulous queen of Sri Rama his intellect shoots out with unvarying
dexterity and always hits the mark. He is the greatest poet of the present
age not only because he is a very great poet in himself - we have
one or two other great poets also among us - but because he is the poet
of the age. The present age in Karnataka, with all its diverse human
and varied interests has found in him a glorious mouthpiece for its
spirit. He never retreats to the Ivory Tower. No doubt he
is in a tower, but the path that leads to it is laid with tears and
suffering. No phase of life, of modern life is left untouched
by him and he has lent beauty and charm to whatever he touches. He has touched the dark corner of modern life and cleared
the path of nature, and of man and his destiny, of his personal
feelings, his love and bereavement. Feeling keenly the impact
of political and social injustice he has roared like thunder. He satirizes
the selfish, and pungent, biting and devastating at times his poetry
poetry in general is kindly and magnanimous. He truly represents
the aged Indian Rishi, sitting out of his slumber, looking before
and after creates mansions of beauty to every passer-by.

But the people speak of nonviolence everywhere, ^{thousands} they are people who
 rage with fury if a cock is killed and challenge you if a man's
 slaughtered. But it does not matter if a man ^{is} killed or hacked to pieces and
 butchered. Man is killing himself - and this 'Narakas' better than
 horse-sacrifice and this is the worship of Kali, the goddess of destruction
 and she ignorant call this war! In many such poems he, sings
 security or food which is the basis of all progress, all culture and civilization
 In a poignant satire (the black young dog) he laments the orthodox
 for their inhuman treatment of the rent-a-horse, the low, the homeless, the
 helpless.

The young black dog was whining;
 the Bhalla's mouth was quivering;

the rain was pouring
 the gutter water was flowing.

Storm was raging & roaring
 the orphan dog was swimming.

On the threshold of ^{his own hut} ~~the~~ Bhalla
 stood the Bhalla heaving out.

As the dog climbed the step
 he tried to climb the step

the door closed.

Bravo, Bravo, ^{he} Bhalla, the great
 saved his house, ^{how brave he is!} ~~the~~ Bhalla, indeed

the 'I will come in' said the cur

'If only come, I will kill you'

said the Bhalla. 'I'll kill me' said the Bhalla

There are many poems like 'Annakata' or 'The Descent of God'
 & 'Food', 'Bhoomithayiya Chockchilamaga' or 'The First Born of the Earth'

'Kelasavilladargara Hathi' (The Song of the unemployed), 'Rudrave'ne
 'Putta Vidhava' or 'The young widow'
 which embody profound social criticism, equally great.

His love songs belong to the same genre as the
 love songs of the people. They come out of the same temperament, the same
 view of life through, enriched by ^{the vision of a poet} ~~the vision of a poet~~ and transformed
 by a profoundly imaginative spirit with something unique and
 original. Poems like 'Ragathi' have ^{become} the property of the
 common man. In him we find the joys and ecstasies of love, enthusiasm